THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

788

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

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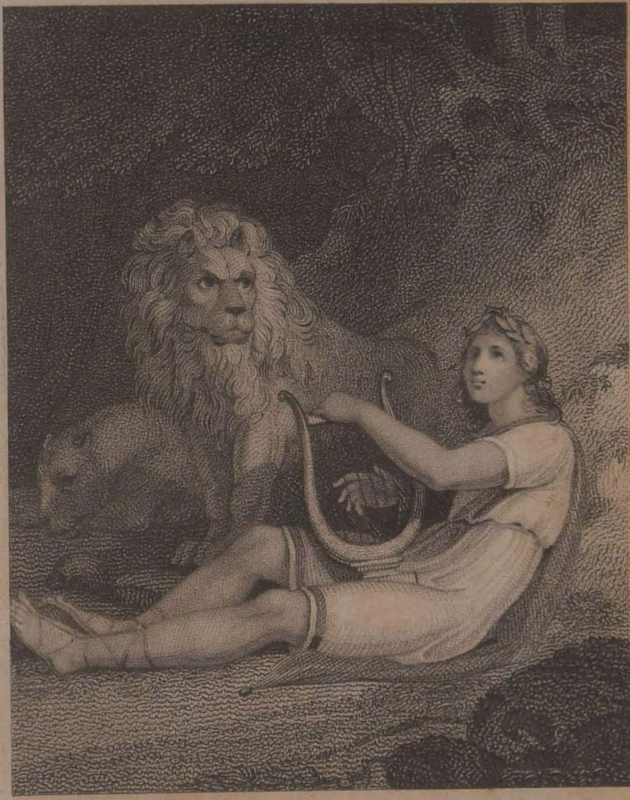

ADDISON.

When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The listening savages advance

Song to Cecilia.

Drawn by Richd. Westall R.A. *Engraved by J.H. Wright*

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ENCOMIUMS ON ADDISON.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WARWICK,
ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

BY THOMAS TICKELL.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge! my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.
Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!

While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed Friend!
Oh! gone for ever, take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montagu!
  To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine:
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If ere from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue;
My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment unchastis'd by thee.
  Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught and led the way to Heav'n.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.
  In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please the' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through the' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend;
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.
That awful form, which (so ye Heavens decree!)
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
The' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato, there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There, patient, show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die!
Thou hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;

Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday shade.
  From other ills, however Fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in the' unfinish'd song!
  These works divine, which, on his deathbed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! the' expiring sage convey'd,
Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim:
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Bless'd pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues; each other's boast! farewell:
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

FROM DR. SEWELL'S

EPISTLE TO LORD GRANVILLE.

Our sweet-tongued Addison, with happy vein
First rival'd, Plato, thy immortal strain!
Though Tully with a strong resemblance vied,
And Lewis' crowded academus tried.

FROM SIR WILLIAM YOUNG'S

EPISTLE TO MR. H.

Vice shall look pale, and Virtue thrive,
Humanity and Friendship live,
While Addison our morals rules,
And proves all villains to be fools.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
  Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee:
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts the' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the
woods.
O! may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!
Then may we, wondering, read how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures tried.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST

ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL [1].

April 3, 1694.

Since, dearest Harry! you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,

[1] Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, though not my own.
  Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
  Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleas'd of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view, well pleas'd, at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights;
But when we look too near the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
  Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less:
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise;

As in the Milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light,
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet! that I dare to name
The' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess;
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a
    nobler flight.
  Bless'd man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Bless'd man! who now shall be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
  But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and, towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the' almighty thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen describes, I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!

When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
His other works might have deserv'd applause;
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse! tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard! and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong;
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence!
Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood!

Or if Maria's [2] charms thou wouldst rehearse
In smoother numbers and a softer verse,
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en Rules a noble poetry;
Rules, whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics and of poets too.
Nor, Denham! must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neighbouring
plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee,
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more:
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montagu remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd:

2 Queen Mary.

To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains!
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams:
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.
I've done, at length; and now, dear Friend! receive
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse! farewell.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD-KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a Muse unknown;
A Muse that in adventrous numbers sings
The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
By Somers' counsels and by Nassau's sword.
To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct and reward his pains;
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.
On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate,

Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy or misguided love.
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write is what you praise.

TO THE KING.

When now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep and cannons cease to roar;
When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid,
Attend, auspicious Prince! and let the Muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muse, expecting, on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow,
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corpse' lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but tried in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!

Draw thee, belov'd in peace and fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to noonday sweats and midnight cares!
But still the godlike man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late:
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds;
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.
  A thousand years in full succession ran
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driv'n by stress of Fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas and a disastrous shore;
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.
  Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering Muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.
  And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
  The race of Nassaus was by Heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,

To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard, unwarm'd, the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight;
Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corpse', and Cressy swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy, by force,
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky;
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears
The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears:
Oppress'd Religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis, from their sultry shore,
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Denied the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coat,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince! ambitious Louis! cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rais'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corpse' and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood
Thy arms have made, aud cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care:
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind!
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side!
Fain would the pious prince refuse the' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm,
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling tow'rs;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with ashes and the earth with smoke;

Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly;
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie,
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes' stood.
Here Russel's actions should my Muse require,
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames disperst on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse?
Ormond! the theme of every Oxford Muse.
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh! did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won,

Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood?
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe,
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's [1] loss more light?
But stop, my Muse, the' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear;
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty Prince! desir'd of Britain! come;
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallic hosts; but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound;
Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,

[1] Queen Mary, who died in 1694.

Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds, o'erturn'd, lay foaming on the ground;
So, crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings
flow.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

Kneller! with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade,
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the Presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,

Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
  The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And, stamp'd on British coins, shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
  Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With Nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvass into life:
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
  Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd:
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though Heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest, British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
  Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,

And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
The' assembled deities survey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;
Old Saturn, too, with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn:
The last was he whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That, from a hundred hills allied,
In impious leagues, their king defied.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand;
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, NOV. 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
  No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne,
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair Princess! in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumph we presage,
Already see the' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
  Thou, too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,

Some Carolina, to Heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight the' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright Princess! who with graceful
And native majesty art form'd to please, [ease
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly;
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant time the lovely dame conveys.
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
Ev'n all those graces in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find,
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age)

Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

THE CAMPAIGN.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

—— Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, protentissima sint.
LIV. Hist. lib. xxxiii.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause,
Accept, great leader! what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the' important year;

Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themselves with strength of rocks im-
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd; [mur'd,
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the Continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye:
Thy favourites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings Heaven approves their
choice;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly:
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war;
Delightful stream! had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul:
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows:
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.

Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
  Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day:
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The midnight watches and the noonday heats.
  O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge, whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein.
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
  At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown;

To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'lling by degrees;
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past,
The' immortal Schellemberg appears at last:
Like hills the' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Evening approach'd; but, oh! what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;

Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.
High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And, lost, in one promiscuous carnage lie.
How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
The' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
While Marlbrô lives Britannia's stars dispense,
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed,
Where'er his friends retire or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.
Forbear, great Man! renown'd in arms! forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety and the world's repose;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demand
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain.
The war breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watry moons and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbrô's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night, with kind embrace,
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death-destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,

Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, the' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive the' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confederate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views

Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But, O! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise!
'Twas then great Marlbrô's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd the' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.
But see! the haughty household-troops advance,
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France:
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows:
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights as in his arm the' important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch, lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate?
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd,
Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Siene her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards [glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloted corpse' convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd!
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept,
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in the' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear;
Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won;

The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains:
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlbrô's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives the' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm the' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs;
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide Continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects,
And, though the Dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies;
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlbrô's sword and Hockstet's fatal plain.
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in the' embraces of the godlike man;

How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
  Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
  The royal youth by Marlbrô's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
  The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And bless'd by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbrô presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
The' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,

The works of ages sunk in one Campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are the' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind:
By her the' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people bless'd.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:
Marlbrô's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

A

LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR 1701.

> Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
> Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
>
> VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me, into foreign realms my fate conveys
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source!
To see the Mincio draw his watry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore!
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide!
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd,
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile!
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes and more exalted scents;
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars, rough with sculpture, pierce the skies;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts' display'd
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow.
And wondering at their height through airy channels
Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,

Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand;
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;

Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.

The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.
The' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite,
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse, with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

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MISCELLANIES.

A

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

AT OXFORD.

CECILIA! whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint! and see
Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue;
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays!
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From every voice the tuneful accents fly;
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

For ever consecrate the day
To music and Ceciliâ;
Music! the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of Heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance:
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

Music religious heats inspires;
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleas'd, and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our [pray'rs.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee;
All Heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia:
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds;
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue,
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the bless'd above
In joy, and harmony, and love.

PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. 1707.

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit,
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles' repartee:
Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakspeare to the soft Scarlatti yield.
To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play.

Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen:
How would it please should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND. 1705.

In the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
  But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaux;
Rough country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.

Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park,
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites,
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage,
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night;
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.
Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play,
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel travell'd in romance,
The other more refin'd, she comes from France;
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS. 1706.

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While listening forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of music is to music join'd;
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
  The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
The' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
  But howsoe'er, to please your wandering eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise,
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK II.

THE

STORY OF PHAËTON.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd,
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought,
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky,
A waving sea the' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd:
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide.
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.

On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural
deities;
O'er all the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaëton, still gaining on the' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till, pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god;
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand:
Here Spring appears with flowery chaplets bound,
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear,
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye which looks on all, was fix'd on one:
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place,
And cries aloud, 'What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so.'
'Light of the world! (the trembling youth replies)
Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.'
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance. 'My son, (said he)
Come to thy father's arms; for Clymenè
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son:
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear! whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight.'
The youth, transported, asks, without delay,
'To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.'
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
'My son, (says he) some other proof require;
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality.
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight;
A mighty downfal steeps the evening stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.

Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods,
While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung;
And next the Lion's grinning visage hung;
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire that in their entrails glows:
Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require,
But, O! in time recal your rash desire:
You ask a gift that may your parent tell;
Let these my fears your parentage reveal,
And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look you'd read the father there.
Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies;
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask:

You ask a real mischief, Phaëton;
Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice.'
  Thus did the god the' unwary youth advise,
But he still longs to travel through the skies;
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold;
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
When now the Morn disclos'd her purple rays:
The stars were fled, for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy Morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of Day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat,
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said;—
  'Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on;
The coursers of themselves will run too fast;
Your art must be to moderate their haste:

Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,
But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone ; but sally forth
Nor to the distant South nor stormy North.
The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
Keep the mid way ; the middle way is best.
Nor where in radiant folds the Serpent twines
Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines:
Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
And better for thee than thyself provide!
See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins ; or still the' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel, take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand,
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.'
He spoke in vain ; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat,
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.
Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood;
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air,
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.

The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight;
But as at sea the' unballast vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in amaze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey;
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea:
The folded Serpent next the Frozen Pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes, too, that fain [Wain.
Thou would'st have fled, though cumber'd with thy
The' unhappy youth then bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
His birth obscure, and his request denied:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.
So fares the pilot when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
He gives her to the winds, and, in despair,
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r.
What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;

If forward, still a longer path they find;
Both he compares, and measures in his mind,
And sometimes casts an eye upon the East,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden West:
The horses' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold
'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That deck'd with stars lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurried on the day:
And now above and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The high lands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze:
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;

Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Œte glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry:
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow,
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow:
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat:
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd:
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And where the long-extended Alps aspire
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.
  The' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axletree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.
  'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Lybia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.
  The floods are drain'd from every distant coast;
Even Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was lost;

Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more:
The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze:
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies:
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold:
The swans, that on Caïster often tried
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and died:
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found;
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd seven gaping trenches lie:
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber of his promis'd empire vain.
The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day:
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose:
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades:
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath the' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie:
Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant:
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat)
'If you, great king of gods! my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye
And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?
But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n!
If I, nor he, your pity can provoke,
See your own heavens; the heavens begin to smoke!
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.

Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour Nature ere it be too late.'
She ceas'd; for chok'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r,
Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus the' almighty Sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
The' ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n:
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments lay:
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAËTON'S SISTERS

TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd,
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise;
'Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he died.'
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief;
And if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that still did Nature's face disclose;
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast,
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears:
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters, too, lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaëton in vain;
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldest, Phaëthusa strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves:
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs,
And now their legs and breasts, and bodies, stood
Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew:
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling where she tore away
The leaves and bark: the maids were heard to say,
'Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear:
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear:
Farewell for ever.' Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,

Distil for ever on the streams below;
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mixt in the sand, whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS

INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd; allied
To their dead brother on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound,
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods. made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he tried to speak,
And issued through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break,
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cycnus now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters, as oppos'd to fires.
  Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light;

The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
  Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind:
'Ere since the birth of Time, (said he) I've borne
A long ungrateful toil, without return;
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
Or if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My son deserv'd not so severe a fate.'
The gods stand round him as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night;
Jove, too, himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

THE

STORY OF CALISTO.

THE day was settled in its course, and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land, but on Arcadia most:
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains and with springing grass:
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles
again.
But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd:
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.
The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;

The grove around a grateful shadow cast;
She drop'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard:
'Here I am safe, (he cries) from Juno's eye,
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!'
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
'How fares my girl? how went the morning chase?'
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
'All-hail, bright Deity! whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here.'
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace,
And ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss:
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens the' insulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,

By shame confounded and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But when she saw the sister-nymphs, supprest
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear,
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train,
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin-goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: 'And now no spies are near,
Let's strip, my gentle Maids! and wash;' she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies:
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd:

'Begone!' the goddess cries with stern disdain,
'Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain.'
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.
  This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime:
The time was come; for to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.
  The goddess cast a furious look, and cried,
'It is enough; I'm fully satisfied:
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love.
But vengeance shall awake; those guilty charms
That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.'
  This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray'r;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair;
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin;
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds; her mind was still the same:
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.
  How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!

How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!
  But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold,
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbade, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there,
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.
  When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there? 'Ne'er ask, (says she)
What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
When those she hates, grow greater by her hate?
I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast:

This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Restore the' adultress to her former shape;
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable Powers! be kind,
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.'
The goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n;
Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE

STORY OF CORONIS,

AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told.
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind:

Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd;
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he plied,
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
The' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd:—
'Stay, silly Bird! the' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news;
Be warn'd by my example; you discern
What now I am, and what I was, shall learn:
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story.—Once upon a time
The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,

The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
Be then no telltale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
'But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
But I was lov'd: ask Pallas if I lie;
Though Pallas hate me now, she won't deny;
For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
Was once a maid (by Heav'n the story's true)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
And offer'd force when all his arts were vain:
Swift he pursued: I ran along the strand,
Till, spent and wearied on the sinking sand,
I shriek'd aloud; with cries I fill'd the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer;
For as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round:
My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now, nor hands had I.
Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore,
Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird;
Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace;
Nyctimenè, the owl, enjoys my place.

‘ On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.'
The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmless daw: the daw withdrew;
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook;
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cried,
‘ Ah, cruel god! though I have justly died,
What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?'
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft that sent her to the Fates,
And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates:
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.

Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
  But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of the' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevell'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
'Hail, great Physician of the world! all hail!
Hail, mighty Infant! who in years to come
Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind;

Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
How wilt thou toss and rave, and long to die,
And quit thy claim to immortality,
When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
And give thee over to the power of Fate.'
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say, but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
'My voice (says she) is gone, my language fails;
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
What new desires are these? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more:
But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserves the man.'
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and misshapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings as declare
The human form confounded in the Mare,
Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.

Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train:
The Mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS

TO A TOUCHSTONE.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloke;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that separate from their fellows stray'd:
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him, and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
'Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
'Go, stranger, (cries the clown) securely on;
That stone shall sooner tell;' and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain,
And cries out, 'Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.'
The peasant quick replies, 'You'll find 'em there
In yon dark vale:' and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
'And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?' says he;
Then to a Touchstone turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF

AGLAUROS TRANSFORMED

INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god, well-pleas'd, beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below,

Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them. As the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin-choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
So much did Hersè all the rest outvy,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung;
So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
From Balearic engines, mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky,
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god:
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art:
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below,
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion tyes.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks the' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first the' approaching god descried,

And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came?
'I come, (replied the god) from heav'n, to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the son and messenger of Jove,
My name is Mercury, my business love;
Do you, kind damsel! take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart.'
She star'd him in the face, with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed,
And now remembering the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand,
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage exprest,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast,
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poisonous mortal in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food,
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye:
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.

Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possest,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast:
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite; while, watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy:
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
A short command: 'To Athens speed thy flight;
On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.'
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven; the hag, with eyes askew,
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give;
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn;
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns, she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
The' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep opprest.
To execute Minerva's dire command
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
The' imaginary bride appears in state,
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds that, set on fire,
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to Envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision, wrought)
Oft did she call on Death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed;
To tell her awful father what had past,
At length, before the door herself she cast,
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god denied.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words the' envenom'd maid:

In vain he sooth'd; 'Begone! (the maid replies)
Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.'
'Then keep thy seat for ever,' cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart,
Till hardening every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest:
'My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are through the world con-
vey'd,
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course,

There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.'
  Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore,
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
  The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung:
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light;
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.
  Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight:
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clap'd his breast,
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn;
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore,
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid,
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE

STORY OF CADMUS.

When now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast,
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime.
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun this angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings and his toils relieve?
The Delphic oracles this answer give:
'Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.'
No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,

When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
Her gently at a distance he pursued;
And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook,
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.
Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie,
Then send his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn;
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.
Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes;
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;

From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him overlook'd the wood;
Then floating on the ground in circles roll'd,
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size
The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.
And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noonday sky,
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods the' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore;
Inur'd to blood, the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.
Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amidst their corpse' he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.

'Such friends, (he cries) deserv'd a longer date;
But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate:'
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here the' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around:
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force:
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain,
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as the' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear;

But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
For whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in the' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak,
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
'Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?'
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
When Pallas, swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground,
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;

O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms!
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees, till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight;
When one cried out, 'Forbear, fond man! forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.'
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood; and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand,
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have [guess'd
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods,
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bless'd, before he die.
Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;

Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON

INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well-stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
blood:
Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day,
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
'My friends, (says he) our sport is at the best:
The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils,
And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase.'
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.
Down in a vale, with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds and brown with shade,

The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood,
A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone;
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And, trickling, swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with Art:
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.
  Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil untied;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd,
While Crocalè, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose:
Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns,
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.
  Now all undress'd the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess press'd;
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin or the purple morn;
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.

Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
'Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.'
This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast:
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He tried to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each, by turns, his aching heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.

In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and stun'd with their promiscuons cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there.
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman grovelling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name:
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on:
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a deer.

THE

BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings and Diana's rage
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage:
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
Others, again, esteem'd Actæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose:
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed,
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And for her sake detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semelè, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carried in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:
'Are my reproaches of so small a force?
'Tis time I then pursue another course:
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styl'd among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove,
(And none can sure a sister's right deny)
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.

She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love;
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies.'
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semelè she stood.
  Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs,
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false fosterchild.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
''Tis well, (says she) if all be true that's said;
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest well-designing maid
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd;
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from the' ethereal sky,
In the pomp of his divinity,
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms
With which he fills the' immortal Juno's arms.'
  The' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
'Fear not, (replied the god) that I'll refuse

Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice:
Choose what you will, and you shall have your
choice.'
'Then, (says the nymph) when next you seek my [arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame.'
The god, surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her
voice;
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.
To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds,
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play:
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size;
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain:
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate:
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd with horror bright,
The' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd the' abortive infant in his thigh:
Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her fosterchild,
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire and the cares of state,
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
'In troth,' says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd)
'The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead, than what you females share.'
Juno the truth of what was said denied;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
For he the pleasure of each sex had tried.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd,
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke;
But after seven revolving years he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
'And if, (says he) such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.'

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night:
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him the' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers tried,
And first the' unerring prophet justified;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with j[illegible]
  The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
'If ere he knows himself he surely dies.'
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
  Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;

Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once in the woods as he pursued the chase,
The babbling Echo had descried his face;
She who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself, but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cried, 'That tongue, for this thy crime,
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use.'
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.
This love-sick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes,

Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left:
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE

STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
'Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!'
Rhamnusia pitied the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.
There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsullied by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And overheated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies;
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heat arise;
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade,
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.

The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead and the sparkling eyes,
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watry glass:
By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies:
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips;
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth! this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies,
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
  Still o'er the fountain's watry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food,
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
'You Trees! (says he) and thou surrounding Grove!
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd, as I?
I who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not
    there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost,
And yet no bulwark'd town nor distant coast

Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth! and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant!
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his:
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps:
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something which I cannot hear.
 'Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me:
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And too much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myself remove,
And at a distance set the thing I love!
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire,
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die,

Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve:
O might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But, oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.'
  This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears:
'Ah! whither, (cries Narcissus) dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I'm no further blest:'—
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
His naked bosom reddens with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies:
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun,
So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
  She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see;
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
'Ah! youth belov'd in vain,' Narcissus cries;
'Ah! youth belov'd in vain,' the nymph replies.
'Farewell,' says he: the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, 'Farewell:'

Then on the' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till Death shuts up those self-admiring eyes;
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naïads and the Dryads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn,
When, looking for his corpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE

STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
The' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide;
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head, [thee
'’Twere well, presumptuous man! 'twere well for
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me;
For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear,
Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.'
Still Pentheus scorns him and derides his skill,
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil:
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god. [rode,

All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps and fill the train,
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd:
'What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods,
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face,
Remember him to whom you stand allied;
The serpent for his well of waters died:
He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
If Thebes must fall, oh might the Fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
Then might the Thebans perish with renown;
But now a beardless victor sacks the town,
Whom nor the prancing steed nor pondrous shield,
Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests and flowery garlands please.
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
This boasted power; why then should Pentheus yield?
Go quickly; drag the' impostor boy to me;

I'll try the force of his divinity.'
Thus did the audacious' wretch those rites profane,
His friends dissuade the' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide,
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE

MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:
'Vile Slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew,
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell.'
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
'From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd:
His whole estate within the waters lay:
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.

His art was all his livelihood, which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me;
"In streams, my Boy, and rivers, take thy chance;
There swims (said he) thy whole inheritance."
'Long did I live on this poor legacy,
Till tir'd with rocks and my own native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin'd,
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind,
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
'Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd,
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took;
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
'I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.
"I know not who (said I) this god should be,
But that he is a god I plainly see;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us'd, and, oh, befriend our course

"Pray not for us," (the nimble Dictys cried)
Dictys, that could the main-topmast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide:
To the same purpose Old Epopeus spoke,
Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke,
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possest:
"Nay, Heav'n forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey",
Said I, and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch, for murder sent
Trom Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
'His base confederates the fact approve,
When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd,
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd.
"'What means this noise? (he cries) am I betray'd?
Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?"
"Fear not, (said Proteus) child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care."
"To Naxos then direct your course, (says he)
Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me."
'By every god that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep,
And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And gave me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about and steer another way.

"Then let some other to my post succeed,
(Said I) I'm guiltless of so foul a deed."
"What, (says Ethalion) must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour and depend on you?"
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
'The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
And from the deck the rising wave survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
"And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?"
'In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
And now, by all the gods in heav'n that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows, stood:
In vain the mariners would plough the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves;
The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvass seen;
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
'The god we now behold with open'd eyes:
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head;

And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard. First perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround:
"Ah! what (cries one) has thus transform'd thy look?"
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke,
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar the' industrious Libys plies,
But as he plies each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew, transform'd around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play;
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more;
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore.'

'This forging slave, (says Pentheus) would pre-
O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale; [vail
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire.'
The' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay;
But whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd!
At liberty the' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE

DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song;
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound,
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
  A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mistic orgies spies:
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd,
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,
And cries, 'The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart.'
  Pentheus, astonish'd, heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round;
He sees and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
'Help, help! my aunt Autonöe, (he cried)
Remember how your own Actæon died.'
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops;
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps present to view:

His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
'And this (she cried) shall be Agavè's share.'
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey,
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

THE STORY OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but the' effect is known.
  The Naïads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both the' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes nor the spiky reeds,

But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, not practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow nor at the race,
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the Main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
'Fie! Salmacis, what, always idle? fie!
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.'
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease,
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide:
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams,
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
  Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
'Bright Youth! (she cries) whom all thy features prove
A god, and, if a god, the god of Love;
But if a mortal, bless'd thy nurse's breast,
Bless'd are thy parents, and thy sisters blest;
But, oh, how bless'd! how more than bless'd thy bride,
Allied in bliss, if any yet allied:
If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me.'

The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with shame,
He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became;
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, 'Or leave me to my myself alone,
You rude uncivil nymph! or I'll be gone.'
'Fair Stranger! then, (says she) it shall be so;'
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore;
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns, to clasp him in her arms,
And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undress'd upon the bank he stood,
And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood;
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide,

As lilies shut within a crystal case
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
'He's mine, he's all my own;' the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clasp'd and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
'And why, coy youth! (she cries) why thus unkind?
Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh, may we never, never part again!'
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain;
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast,
Till piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)

'You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
Oh! grant that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!'
  The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire: having closetted several Senators on the project, Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
  Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move,
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,

That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bless'd abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods,
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies;
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise,
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus the' assembled deities bespoke:
'Troy, (says the goddess) perjur'd Troy, has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground;

An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.
'Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud the' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.
'And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd
the field.
'My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies,
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light,
Quaff, with the gods, immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.
'The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast,
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
number'd roar.
'Still let the curs'd detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass:
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray,
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,

Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
'May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
May the' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
'While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise;
The' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
'In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall [spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
'Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that Nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the Polar Circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine,
Now sweat for conquest underneath the Line.
'This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,

If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
 'A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their army's head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
 'Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.'
 But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light;
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
The' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Ethereal sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mecænas, claims your patronage;
Of little creatures' wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate:
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass;
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor woodpecks, nor the swallow, harbour near;
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.
Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass:
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below,

That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.
Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones,
That if rough storms or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savory scent the fragrant air,
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.
Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And melted down with heat the waxen buildings [drop.
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs
To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times the' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.
Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire,
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.

Nor neighbouring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——
When the' under world is seiz'd with cold and [night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight;
They rifle every flower, and lightly skim
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind through distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackening from afar,
While shady coverts and fresh streams they choose,
Milfoil and common honeysuckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice:
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.
If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings;
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight!

At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul;
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe:
This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray,
A little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are different; one of better note,
All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets that, mingling in the glass,
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse:

But when they sport abroad and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit the' unfinish'd
comb,
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd;
Clip their kings' wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells,
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scarecrow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from the barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighbouring soil;
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd show what art the gardener's toils require;
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year,
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twist-
ed grass;
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow
[bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield,

But savoury herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bless'd with these riches, he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board.
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough:
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring and lingering western breeze;
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard dress'd,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns, ennobled now to bear a plum;
And spreading plane-trees, where, supinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the [shade:
But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave the' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air
These only make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statues regulate their hive,

Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each, provident of cold, in summer flies [plies,
Through fields and woods, to seek for new sup-
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first groundwork of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice,
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies,
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tem-
pests rise;
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive;
The work is warmly plied through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge
they beat,
And all the' unshapen thunderbolt complete;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall,
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball;
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;

Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their different labours share:
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows' spoils:
On lavender and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers and the balmy reed;
From purple violets and the teil they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest:
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew.
Again, when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum:
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journies with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
As ballast keeps the' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most,
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state,
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
But often in their journies, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Grovelling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children [reign.
No prostrate vassel of the East can more
With slavish fear his mighty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
'The bees' extract is heavenly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all
the deep of heaven;
That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life, that again flows into this at last;
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolv'd the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.'
Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spirt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.
Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies,
And once when, hastening from the watry sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.
The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound:
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.
When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils;

Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all the' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dried roses, thyme, and centery, join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Psythian vine.
Besides, there grows a flower in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves;
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;

The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below;
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp; in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows;
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.
But if the whole stock fail, and none survive,
To raise new people and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare
That spread the' Arcadian shepherd's name so far,
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.
For where the' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime,
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.
First, then, a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce;
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain;

Loud heavy blows fall thick on every side,
Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done, when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas,
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in Spring's embroidery are drest.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears:
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood as thick as summer-show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee,
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god:
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horrors of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air:
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke.
'Tis said that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Grovelling beneath the' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the sun

With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all Nature stood disclos'd;
When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd;
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: 'By Heaven's eternal fires!
By every god that sits enthron'd on high!
By this good light! relieve a wretch forlorn,
And bear me hence to any distant shore,
So I may shun this savage race accurst.
'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."
He ended here, and now, profuse of tears,
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low.
Anchises, too, with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

'I'm one, (says he) of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke 'em on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains: he lap'd the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less, meanwhile,
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd:
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dextrously apply'd,
Which in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round jelly from its orb.

But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, Mortals! fly this curs'd detested race;
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of Night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance.' As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme: by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd:
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side: we stood
Amaz'd be sure; a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away: he heard us in our course,
And with his outstretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd

Such hideous shouts, that all the ocean shook;
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly! we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO, SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO, REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

Cum tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellicâ præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quàm verò in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quòd si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illâ lætaremur tot perditissimis Poëtis tam miserè decantatâ. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quàm quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poëma patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minùs deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ
Cultor devotissimus,
JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

POEMATA.

PAX GULIELMI

AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque
 tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt; generosæ à pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
 Non ultrà ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circùm alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem à sanguine messem.
 Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis

Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volvere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus [1] fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusasque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate lucorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo

[1] Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis [cent,
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura mis-
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen è mediis, Ductor Fortissime [2], turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, popolique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno. [æstus
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, quà sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque bruman aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum qui subjicit orbem [3],
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras

[2] Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.
[3] Moscoviæ Imperator.

Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore.
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circùm
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.

Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: tibi Jupiter annum
Seriùs invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque Nepos[4] tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocuâ dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam

[4] Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pom-
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgò effusa canales [pas
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivamosque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, quà thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circùm diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,

O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Quâ penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum quâ sit naturâ, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentem malè coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem, tempestatesque futuras,
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et largè diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum verò tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassâ fruitur sublimius aurâ,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, mutuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impunè colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secretra poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Antè refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

SIVE, PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroüm ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit, et æternâ numerorum assurgere pompâ:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?

Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
  Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impunè volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpè improvisas mactabat, sæpè juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
  Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,

Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
  Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longè
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
  Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
  Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus,
Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.

Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem, bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert;
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.

Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediâque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cælum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitùs Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; latè populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque La[illegible]
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos,
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitùs vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COLL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed nè rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequac

Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Duc[illegible]a cœlorum, et convexa patentia latè
Corpor[illegible]que hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Nec pl[illegible]ante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Ille Gr[illegible], et pallens alienos mitiùs ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautiùs exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Inst[illegible]licita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Imm[illegible]sum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.

Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine totâ
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
 Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Quâ sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantùm dissimilis, quantum, o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctatâ morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
 Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantûm, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æquè exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,

Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus [1], sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tantâ arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ob oris.
Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantùm vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris

[1] Coll. Magd. fundator.

Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, ô pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens à cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multùm inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parciùs urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.
Postquam ideò in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,

Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subitò globus emicat alter et alter.
  Mox ubi funduntur latè agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si fortè globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subitò languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
  Nec risus tacuere, globus cùm volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
  Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
  Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cùm raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
  Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.——

Si verò incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore :
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii ; plausu strepit omni viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas ;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis ;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Seriùs aut citiùs sepulchro

Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;

Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis benè temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPETSHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cùm vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, trium-
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro. [phos,
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio raucâ
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa.

Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec rarò invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno,
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
 Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
 Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
 At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.
 Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,

Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molémque cernis dissociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parùm
Utcumque stet commune vulgi
Arbitrium et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuò fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Suppositas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ simulachra lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingenî!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?

Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.

Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas ; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum !

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident : en teretem globum !
En læta vernantes Favonî
Flamina, perpetuosque flores !

O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem ! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

FINIS.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*, 103, Goswell Street.